

WIT
WITHOUT

MONEY

COMEDIE

As it hath been presented with good Ap-
plause at the private house in Drury Lane by
Her Majesties Servants.
Valentines Faber.

Shortly the Crown, and servant to the
Widow
Francis Beaumont
Written by
Rogean and Haphery,
John Flechere
to the Widow
Three Servants.

The second Impression Corrected.
Lady Harwell
Label her Sister.
Place waiting Gentlemen to the Widow.

LONDON,

Printed for Andrew Crooke, at the Green Dragon in
St. Pauls-Church-Yard, 1661.

The Actors names.

V *Alentine, a Gallant that will be
perswaded to keep his estate.*

Francisco, his younger brother.

Master Lovegood their Vncle.

A Merchant, friend to Master Lovegood.

*Fountain, & companions of Valentine, and
Bellamore, & sutors to the Widdow.
Hairbraine,*

*Lance a Faulkner, and an ancient servant to
Valentines Father.*

*Shorthose the Clown, and servant to the
Widdow.*

*Roger Ralph, and Humphery, three servants
to the Widdow.*

Three Servants.

Musicians.

Lady Hartwell a Widdow.

Isabel her Sister.

Luca a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widdow.

Wit without Money.

he would have ventur'd into more manly uses. Wit and carriage, and never thinks of state, or means, the ground works: holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies, and starve their understandings.

Mer. That's most certain.

Vnc. Yes, if he could stay there.

Mer. Why let him marry, and that way rise again.

Vnc. It's most impossible, he will not look with any handsomeness upon a woman.

Mer. Is he so strange to women.

Vnc. I know not what it is; a foolish glory he has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits, and and yet he will converse and flatter um, make um, or fair, or foul, rugged, or smooth, as his impression serves, for he affirms, they are only lumps, and undigested peeces, lickt over to a form, by our affections, and then they show; The lovers let um pass.

Enter Fount, Bella, Hair.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much promise: they are wondrous merry.

Vnc. O their hopes are high fir.

Fount. Is *Valentino* come to Town.

Bella. Last night I heard,

Fon. We miss him monstrously in our directions, for this Widdow, is as stately, and as crafty, and stands I warrant you.

Hair. Let her stand sure, she falls before us else, come lets go seek *Valentino*.

Mer. This Widdow seems a gallant:

Vnc. A goodly woman, and to her handsomness she bears her state, reserved, and great Fortune has made her Mistress of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

Mer. I would *Valentino* had her.

Vnc. Ther's no hope of that Sir.

Mer. A that condition, he had his mortgage in again.

Vnc. I would he had.

Mer. Seek means, and see what Ile do, howevr let the money be paid in, I never sought a Gentlemans undoing, nor eat the bread of other mens vexations, you told me of another brother:

Vnc.

Vnc. Yes sir, more miserable then he, for he has eat him, and drunk him up, a handsome Gentleman, and fine Scholar.

Enter three tenants.

Mor. What are these?

Vnc. The tenants, theyle do what they can.

Mor. It is well prepared, be earnest honest friends and loud upon him, he is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our minds ant pleas you.

Mor. Doe, and do it home, and in what my care may help, or my perswasions when we meet next.

Vnc. Do but perswade him fairly; and for your money, mine, and these mens thanks too, and what we can be able:

Mor. Yare most honest, you shall find me no less, and so I leave you, prosper your business my friends. *Exit. Mor.*

Vnc. Pray heaven it may sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, Ile be mad with him, and tell him that Ile not spare him, his Father kept good meat, good drink, good fellowes, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome; kept him too, and supplied his prodigality, yet kept his state still, must we turn Tenants now, after we have lived under the race of Gentry, and maintaine good yeomantry, to some of the City, to a great shoulder of Mutton, and a Custard, and have our state turned into Cabbage Gardens, must it be so:

Vnc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. Thats as he makes his game:

Vnc. Increat him lovingly, and make him feel:

Lance. Ile pinch him to the bones else.

Valen. Within. And tell the Gentleman, Ile be with him presently, say I want money too, I must not fail boy.

Lance. You'l want clothes, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon, Ile read to him.

Vnc. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Old. We come to see you, have you any more? Why do you dog us thus, with these strange people? why all the world shall never make me rich more, nor master of these troubles.

Tenants. We beseech you for our poor childrens sake.

Val. VVho bid you get us, have you not shuffling work enough, but children must be bang'd our oth' theate too, & other men with all their delicates, and healthfull diets, can get but winde eggs: you with a clove of garlick, a piece of cheese, wouldest break a saw: and sowre milk, can mount like Stallions, and I must maintain these tumbler.

Lance. You ought to maintain us, we have maintained you, and when you slept provided for you: who bought the silk you wear, I thank our labours: reckon, you'll finde it so: who found your horses perpetuall pots of ale, maintained your Taverns, and who extold you in the half crown boxes, where you might sit and muster all the Beauties, we had no hand in these; no, we are all puppies: Your Tenants base vexations.

Val. Very well, fir.

Lance. Had you Land fir, and honest men to serve your purposes, honest and faithfull, and will you run away from us, betray your self, and your poor tribe to misery: mortgage all us, like old cloaks: where will you hunt, near, you had a thousand acres, fair and open: The Kings Bench is enclosed, there's no good riding, the Counters full of thorns and brakes, take heed fir, and bogges, you'll quickly finde what brooch they're made of.

Val. Y are short and pithy.

Lance. They say y are a fine Gentleman, & excellent judgement: they report you have a wit: keep your self out of our way, and take your cloak with you, which by interpretation is your state fir, or I shall think your fame belied you, you have money, and may have means.

Val. I prethee leave prating, does my good lye within my braine to further, or my undoing in thy pipe? Be gone, get you home, there whistle to your horses, and let them sit; away, slow hempe, to hang your selves withall.

Ant. To you, for you come from your landlord's puppies, I have
Cal. This is a civil world, I am glad to see you here.
Val. More unmerciful you to vex me with these bacon
 broth and puddings, they are the walking shapes of all my sor-
 rows.

3 Tenants. Your Father's VVorship would have used us
 better.

Val. My Father's worship was a foolhardy fellow.

Lance. Hey, hey, boyes, old *Maltrun's* faith, the old boye still.

One. Pie Costen.

Val. I mean belov'd to his state, he had never left me
 the misery of so much meane else, which till I sold, was a
 meere meagrome to me. If you will talk, turne out these
 tenants, they are as killing to my nature Uncle, as water to a
 fever.

Lance. VVe will go, but it is like Ramsy to come again the
 stranger, and you shall keep your state.

Val. Thou lyest, I will not.

Lance. Sweet sir, thou lyest, thou shalt, and so good mor-
 row.

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding, now to
 your business Uncle.

Lance. To your state then.

Val. It is gone, and I am glad on't, name it no more, is that
 I pray againe, and Heaven has heard me, I tell you sir, I am
 more fearful of it, I woe of thinking of more lands, or living, and
 than sickly men are travelling a Sundayes, for being quell'd
 with Carriers, out upon't, *Cal.* *emperor*, let the fool out, I weat
 it, that thinks he has got a cany on't.

Unc. This is madnesse to be a wilfull begger.

Val. I am mad then, and so I mean to be, will that content
 you? How bravely now I live, how joyfull, how neare the
 first inheritance, without fears, how free from side-thro-
 bles.

Unc. And from means too.

Val. Meanes, why all good men's my meane, my wife
 my plow, the Town's my flesh, Taveins, my standing house,
 and all the world knows these I no want, all Gentlemen that
 love

love society, love me; all purses that wit and pleasure opens, are my Tennants; every mans clothes fit me, the next fair lodging, is but my next remove, and when I please to be more eminent, and take the air, a pacer, is leasied, and a Coach prepared, and I go I care not whether, what need state here.

Vnc. But say these means were honest, will they last fir.

Val. Far longer then your jerkin, and wear fairer should I take ought of you, tis true, I beg'd now, or which is worse then that, I stole a kindness, and which is worst of all, I lost my way in't, your mindes enclosed nothing lies open nobly, your very thoughts are Hinds that work on nothing but daily sweat, and trouble: were my way so full of dirt as this, tis true I shifted; are my acquaintance Grassiers: but fir, know no man that I am allied too, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his own use, or my necessity pull fusty nor is this forc'd, but the meer quality and payre of goodness, anddo you think I venture nothing equal.

Vnc. You pose me Colen.

Val. What's my knowledge Vncle, ift not worth money, what's my understanding, travel, reading, wit, all these digested, my daily making men, some to speak, that too much flegme had frozen up, some that spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put their tongues to pensions, some to wear their cloths, and some to keep um, these are nothing Vncle: besides these wayes, to teach the way of nature, a manly love, community to all that are deserving, not examining how much, or what's done for them, tis wicked, and such a one like you, chews his thoughts double, making um onely food for his repentance.

Enter two servants.

1. Ser. This cloak and hat fir, and my Masters love,

Val. Commend's to thy Masters, and take that, and leave um at my lodging.

1. I shall do it fir.

Val. I do not think of these things.

2. Ser. Please you fir, I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me, drink that and commend me to thy Master,

ster; look you Vncle, do I beg these?

Vnc. No sure tis your word fir.

Val. Tis like enough, but pray satisfie me, are not these wayes as honest as persecuting the starved inheritance, with muty Corne, the very rats were faine to run away from, or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices, which Gentlemen do after burn by'r ounces, do nor I know your way of feeding beasts, with graines, and windy stuff, to blow up Burches, your racking Pastures, that have eaten up as many singing Shepherds, and their issues; as *Andalusia* breeds; these are authentique, I tell you fir, I would not change wayes with you, unless it were to sell your state that hour, and if it were possible to spend it then too, for all your Beans in *Rumnillo*, now you know me,

Vnc. I would you knew your self, but since you are grown such a strange enemy, to all that fits you, give me leave to make your brothers fortune.

Val. How?

Vnc. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover, Ile the means:

Val. Pray save your labour fir, my brother and my self, will run one fortune, and I think what I hold a meer vexation, cannot be safe for him, I love him better, he has wit at will, the world has means, he shall live without this trick of state, we are heirs both, and all the World before us.

Vnc. My last offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What i't, and then Ile answer.

Vnc. What think you of a Wife yet to restore you, and tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. And you can finde one, that can please my fancy, you shall not find me stubborn.

Vnc. Speak your Woman.

Val. One without eyes, that is self commendations, for when they finde they are handsome, they are unwholfome, one without cares, not giving time to flatterers, for she that hears her self commended, wavers, and points men out a way to make un wicked, one without substance of her self, that

Mr. Richard Ardeny.

that woman without the pleasure of her life, that wanton, though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass the eyes of honest men, nor her own admiration, all her ends obedience all her hours new blessings, if there may be such a woman:

Vnc. Yes there may be.

Kal. And without state too.

Vnc. You are disposed to trifle, well, fare you well sir, when you want me next, you'll seek me out a better sence.

Kal. Fare well Vncle, and as you love your estate, let not me hear ont.

Exit.

Vnc. It shall not trouble yo; He watch him still,

And when his friends fall off, then bend his will.

Exit.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now, your sister hasingroft all the brave Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithall, much good may't do her, prethee speak softly, we are open to mens ears:

Luce. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass, hear all, and make our selves merry with their language, and yet stand undiscovered, be not melancholly, you are as fair as she.

Isab. Who I, I thank you, I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing stubberd, my sister is a goodly portly Lady, a woman of a pretence, she spread fattens, as the Kings ships do canvas, every where she may spare me her misen, and her bonnets, strike her main Patticoate, and yet outfail me, I am a Carvel to her.

Luce. But a tight one:

Isab. She is excellent, well built too.

Luce. And yet shees old.

Isab. Shee new saw, above one voyage *Luce*, and credit me after another, her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant: she plaies, and sings too, dances and disourtes, comes very neer Essays, a pretty Poet, begins to piddle with Philosophy, a subtil Chumicke Wench, and can extract the Spirit of mens Estates, she has the light before her, and cannot miss her choice, for me is reason, I wait my mean fortune.

His noble Son.

Luce. You are so bashfull.
Isab. It is not at first word up and ride, thou art cosen'd,
that would shew mad I faith, besides, we lose the main part of
our pollicicke government, if we become provokers, then we are
fair, and fit for mens imbraces, when like towns, they lie before
us ages, yet not carried; hold out their strongest batte-
ries, then compound too without the loss of honour, and
march off with our fair wedding: Colours flying, Who are
these?

Enter Franc. and Luce.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isa. Prethee peace then, a well built Gentleman.

Luce. But poorly thatcht.

Lance. Has he devoured you too?

Fran. Has gulp'd me down *Lance.*

Lance. Left you no means to study?

Fran. Not a farthing: dispatcht my poor annuity I thank
him, heres all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings,

Lan. You are fit for great mens services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'll take me, thus mens miseries are
now accounted stains in their natures, I have travelled, and I
have studied long, observed all kingdoms, know all the promises
of Art and manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I
shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies, art thou so rich as
to get me a lodging *Lance?*

Lan. Ile sell the titles of my house else, my Horse, my Hawk,
nay's death Ile pawn my wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*, that I should
see your Fathers house fall thus.

Isab. An honest fellow.

Lan. Your Fathers house, that fed me, that bred up all my

Isab. A gracefull fellow.

Lan. And fall by

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*, but I must not
hear with whom, he is my brother, and though you hold him
slight, my most dear brother: A gentleman excepting some
few faults, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted
as deep with noble and brave parts, the issues of a noble and
manly spirit as any he a live, I must not hear you, though I

1. Alfred A. Brown
 2. Alfred A. Brown
 3. Alfred A. Brown
 4. Alfred A. Brown
 5. Alfred A. Brown
 6. Alfred A. Brown
 7. Alfred A. Brown
 8. Alfred A. Brown
 9. Alfred A. Brown
 10. Alfred A. Brown
 11. Alfred A. Brown
 12. Alfred A. Brown
 13. Alfred A. Brown
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 99. Alfred A. Brown
 100. Alfred A. Brown

wid. **M**Y sister, and a woman of so base a pity; what was the fellow?

Lucy. Why an ordinary man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Lucy. Poor enough, and no man knows from whence
neither.

avid. What could she see?

Luce. Only his misery, for else she might behold a hundred handfomer.

Wid. Did she change much? How did she turn out now, blessed?

Lucas. Extremely, when he spoke, and then her pity, like an Orator, I fear her love framed such a commendation, and followed it so far, as made me wonder.

Wad. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, that she must doat upon afflictions: why does she not go romage all the prisons, and there bestow her youth, bewray her waironness, and flie her honour, common both to beggery: did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not, but ever since, he had been mainly troubled.

Form: We gave you letters with money to get

Lucy: Yes, young enough.

1934. And looked he like a Gentleman?

Luce. Like such a Gentleman, that would pawn ten oaths
for twelue pence.

Wid. My sister, and Link be (oly); this must get by, does the
use means to know him? (d) does not say: 519b 10V V. 11V

Luce. Yes, Madam, and has employed a Squire called **Shorthale**.

1144 O that a precious Kneave, keep all his suitant; but
shall be near her lodging in *London*; what you can gather by any
means, let me understand. He stop her beat; and turn her
charity another way; so blisse her selfe first; be still close to

her counsels; a begger and a stranger, there's a blessednesse, Ile none of that; I have a toy yet, sister, shall tell you this is foule, and make you finde it, and for your paines take you the last gowne I wore; this makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy.

Enter Fontaine, Bellamore, Harebrains, Valentine.

Font. Sirra, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee; this widow is the strangest thing, the starceliest, and stands so much upon her excellencies.

Bell. She hath put us off, this moneth now, for an answer.

Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her, no, nor say, Good morrow, nor Good even, till thats past.

Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you: are you good at nothing, but these after-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these widows—

Hare. If we had um.

Val. Why the Devil has not craft enough to wooe um; there be three kinds of fools, mark this note Gentlemen, mark it, and understand in—

Font. Well, go forward.

Val. An Innocent, a Knave fool; a Fool politrick: the last of which are lovers, widow lovers.

Bell. VVill you allow no Fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Font. VVe gave you reasons, why twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons, but as my Schollars and Companions damn'd um: do you know what it is to wooe a widow? answer me coolely now, and understandingly.

Hare. VVhy to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. VVhy there you are fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politrick fools, I lookt for such an answer; once more hear me, it is to wed a widow, to be doubted mainly, whether the share you have be yours or no, or those old bores you ride in. Mark me, widows are long extents in Law upon newes, livings upon their bodies winding-sheets, they that enjoy um, lie but with dead mens monuments, and beget onely their.

their owne ill Epitaphs : Is not this plain now ?

Bell. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain truth, but if you'll needs do things of danger, do but loose your selves, nor any part concerns your understandings, for then you are Meacocks, fools, and miserable, march off amain, within an inch of a Fircug, turn me osh' toe like a VVeather-cock, kill every day a Sergeant for a twelve moneth, rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls, and these will make a shew.

Har. And these are trifles.

Val. Considered to a VVidow, empty nothings, for here you venture but your persons, there the varnish of your persons, your discretions; why tis a monstrous thing to marry at all, especially as now tis made, me thinks a man, an understanding man, is more wise to me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets, what do we get by women, but our senses, which is the rankest part about us satisfied, and when that's done, what are we ? Cress fallen Cowards. VVhat benefit can children be, but charges and disobedience ? VVhat's the love they render at one and twenty years ? I pray die faster : when they are young, they are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise and giddinesse; and come to years once, there drops a son, byth' sword in his Mistresses quarrell, a great joy to his parents : A daughter ripe too, grows high and luttie in her blood, must have a heating, runs away with a supple ham'd Servingman, his twenty Nobles spent, takes to a trade, and learns to spin mens hair off; theres another, and most are of this nature, will you marry ?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this same VVidow ?

Fount. If I may, and me thinks, howe ver you are pleased to dispute these dangers, such a warm match, and for you, sir, were not hurtfull.

Val. Not half so killing as for you, for me she cannot with all the Art she has, make me more miserable, or much more fortunate, I have no state left, a benefit that none of you can brag of, and there's the Aptitude against a VVidow, nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,

inherits, which she can neither live nor live away to that;
but little flesh, it were too much else; and that unwholesome too,
it were too rich else; and to all this contempt of what she
do's I can laugh at her tears; neglect her wagers, hear her
without a fault, so pity her as if she were a Traytor, mean
her person, but deadly hate her pride; if you could do these,
and had but this discretion, and like fortune, it were but an
equal venture.

Count. This is malice.

Val. When she lies with you and I; and not with you,
grows great with joyntures, and is brought to bed with all
the state you have, you'll find this certain; but is it come to
pass you must marry, is there no buffe will hold you?

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil; make a maid, and maid not
worth a penny; make her yours, knead her, and mould her
yours, a maid worth nothing, there's a venious spell in that
word nothing; a maid makes conscience of half a Crown a
week for pies and puppies; a maid will be content with one
Coach and two Horses, not falling out because they are not mar-
ches; with one man satisfied, with one rein guided, with one
faith, one content, one bed; aged she makes the wife, pre-
serves the fame and issue; a widow is a Christmas-box that
sweeps all.

Count. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You are my friends, and all my loving friends, I spend
your money, yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still, I
ride your horses, when I want I sell um; I eat your meat,
help to wear her kinnen; sometimes I make you drunk, and then
you seal, for which I'll do you this Commodities be ruled, and
let me try her, I will discover her; the truth is, I will never
leave to trouble her; till I see through her, then if I find her
worthy.

Count. This was our meaning.

Val. It is done then, I must want nothing.

Count. Nothing but the woman.

Val. No jealousy, for when I marry, the Devil must be
wiser than I take him; and the Flesh foolisher, come let's to
dinner,

dinner, and when I am well whetted with wine, have as her.
I am, however, and have I desire, the beautiful Emmet.

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Psab. But art thou sure.

Luce. No surer then I heard.

Harc. That it was that flouting fellowes brother.

Luce. Yes, *Shorts* told me so.

He did fearce out the truth.

Loce. It seems he did.

Har. Prethe *Lw.* call him hether, if he be no worse, I never repent my piety: how firra; what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman is black.

Enter Shortbase.

Shro. Ith torn black, ...

1/a: Yes, the same fir. On this, GRAM may be more certain.

Short. What would your Worship with him.

I/a. Why, my Worship would know his name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing, he is a man, and yet he is no man.

1/a. You must needs play the fool :

Short. Tis my profession.

I/a. How is he a man, and no man.

Short. Hees a begger, only the signe of a man, the bush puld down, which shoves the house stands empty.

17a. What's his calling?

Short. They call him begger :

774. What's his kindred:

Short. Beggars.

1/4. His worth.

Short. A learned beggar, a poor Scholler:

Isak: How does he live.

Short: Like worms, he eats old Books.

Isa. Is *Valentine* his brother.

Shors. His beging brother.

Q. What may his name be? and not all of them are

Short. Orson.

Isa. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Isa:

Isa. Once more tell me his name directly.

Short. Ile be hangd first, unless I heard him Christned, but I can tell what foolish people call him.

Isa. What?

Short Francisco.

Isa. Where lies this learning, sir?

Short. In *Pauls Church* yard forsooth.

Isa. I mean that Gentleman, fool.

Short. O that fool, he lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.

Luc. You have gleand since you came to *London*, in the Countrey, *Shortbosc*, you were an arrant fool, a dull cold corcombe, here every Tavern teaches you, the pint pot has so belaboured you with wit, your brave acquaintance that gives you Ale, so fortified your mazard, that now theres no talking to you.

Isa. Is much improved, a fellow, a fine discourser.

Short. I hope so, I have not waited at the tail of wit, so long to be an Affe.

Luc. But say now, *Shortbosc*, my Lady should remove into the Countrey.

Short. I had as lieve she should remoove to heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luc. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchoves, nor Matter such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady such-a-ones chief Chambermaid.

Isa. No bouncing healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shortbosc*, nor down oth knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luc. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of drawer, carry this porcle to my father, *Shortbosc*.

Isa. No playes, nor gally foistes, no strange Embassadors to run and wonder at, till thou berst oyle, and then come home again, and lye both Legend.

Luc. Say she should go.

Short. If I say, Ile be hangd, as if I thought she would go?

Luc. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Luc.

Luc. But *Shortbosc*, where thy heart is:

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luc. By this hand *Mistress*, tis a noise, a loud one too, and from her own mouth, presently to be gone too; but why, or to what end?

Short. May not a man die first, shee'l give him so much time.

Isab. Gon o'th sudden; thou dost but jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.

Luc. Shee has put them off a moneth, thy date not see her, beleve me *Mistress*, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true wench? gone on so short a warning, what trick is this, she never told me of it, it must not be: firra, attend me presently, you know I have been a carefull friend unto you, attend me in the Hall, and next be faithfull, cry not, we shall not go.

Short. Her Coach may crack.

Enter Vallantins, Francisco, and Lucie.

Val. Which way to live, how darrest thou come to town, to ask such an idle question?

Fran. Me thinks tis necessary, unless you could restore that Annuicie you have tiple up in Taverns:

Val. Where hast thou been, and how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talkest thus out of *France*? thou wert a pretty fellow, and of a handsome knowledge; who has spoyled thee?

Lan. He that has spoild himself, to make himself port, and by Copie, will spoil all coms neer him, buy but a Glass, if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who?

Val. Well said old Cepibold.

Lan. My heart's good freehold, and so you'll find it, this Gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother's father is no hope of you, use him thereafter.

Val. Ene as well as I use my self, what wouldst thou have *Francke*.

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?

Lan. Hark what he saies to you. O my your wits, they say you are excellent at it, for your Land has lain long bed-rid, and unseizable.

Fran. And ile forget all wrongs, you see my state, and to what wretchedness, your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this benefit, if timely done, and like a noble brother, both you and I may feel, and to our comforts:

Val. (A hundred pound) dost thou know what thou hast said boy?

Fran. I said a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more, then any man can justifie, believe it, procure a hundred pounds. I say to thee, ther's no such sum in nature, forty shillings there may be now in this Mint, and that's a treasure, I have seen five pound, but let me sell it, and tis as wondrous, as Calves with five legges, her's five shillings *Francke*, the harvest of five weeks, and a good crop too, take it, and pay thy first fruits, Ile come down, and eat it out.

Fran. Tis patience must meet with you sir, not love.

Lanc. Deal roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles:

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wise fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow Hawke; two of the reverent.

Lanc. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be, with the next moon, what would you have him do?

Kale. How?

Lanc. To get money first, that's to live, you have shewed him how to waste it.

Val. Shif thou do I live, why, what dull fool would ask that question, there hundred three pilds more, I and live bravely, the better half oth town, and live most gloriously, ask them what states they have, or what annuities, or when they pray for seasonable harvests, thou hast a handsome war, sir in to the World, *Francke*, sir, sir, for shame, thou art a pretty Schollar, ask how to live, write, write, write any thing, the Worlds a fine believing World, write Newes.

Lanc. Dragons in *Suffex* sir, or fiery bartels seen in the air at *Aspurg*.

Val. There's the way *Francke*, and in the will of these, frighten the Kingdoms with a sharp Prognostication, that shall scowr them, dearth upon dearth, like leaven cassaries, predictions.

dictions of Sea-breachers, wars, and want of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

Lan. Whirl-winds, that shall take off the top of *Grantham* steeple, and clap it on *Pontus*, and after these, a Lenvoy to the City for their sins.

Val. *Probatum est*, thou canst not want a pension, go switch me up a Covey of young Schollars, there's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals, are not these ready wayes? Cosmography thou art deeply read in, draw me a map from the Mermaid, I mean a midnight map to scape the VVatches, and such long senselesse examinations, and Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen, I cannot stay long.

Lan. You have read learnedly, and would you have him follow these megera's, did you begin with ballads?

Fran. VVell, I will leave you, I see my wants are grown ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may think, when these wanton fits are over, who bred me, and who ruined me, look to your self sir, a providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate, hast thou been brought up with girls?

Enter Shortbose with a bag.

Short. Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of you, I may put my spoon into the wrong porrage-pot else.

Val. VVhy, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you are not he, you are a thought too handsome.

Lan. VVho wouldst thou speak withall, why dost thou peep so?

Short. I am looking birds nests, I can find none in your bush beard, I would speak with you, black Gentleman.

Fran. VVith me, my friend?

Short. Yes sure, and the best friend sir, it seems you spake withall this twelve-mooneth, Gentleman, there's money for you.

Val. How?

Short. There's none for you sir, be not so brief, not a penny.

law how he itches at it, stand off, you sir my colour.

Lan. Take it, tis money.

Short. You are too quick too; first be sure you have it, you seem to be a Haulkoner, but a foolish one.

Lan. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You are colen'd too, tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, sir?

Short. Such another word; and you shall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, sir, I doubly thank you.

Short. Well sir, then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dress'd, and your Laundress to wash your boots white.

Fran. Pity stay sir, may you not be mistaken.

Short. I think I am, give me the money again, come quick, quick, quick.

Fran. I would be loth to render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your ear, is not your name *Francisco*?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, it may thunder a hundred times, before such stones fall: do you not need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast, tis not fly-blown, you may pay for the poundage, you forget your self, I have not seen a Gentleman so backward, a wanting Gentleman.

Fran. Your mercie, sir.

Short. Friend, you have mercie, a whole bag full of mercie, be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I would fain, if it please you, but know.

Short. It does not please me, tell over your money; and be not mad, boy.

Fran. You have no more such bags.

Short. More such there are, sir, but few I fear for you, I have cast your water, you have wit, you need no money. *Exit.*

Lan. Be not amazed, sir, tis good gold, good old gold, this is restorative; and in good time, it comes to do you good, keep it and use it, let honest fingers feel it, yours be too quick sir.

Fran. He named me, and he gave it me, but from whom.

Lan.

Wit without Money.

Lan. Let um send more, and then examine it, this can be but a preface.

Fran. Being a stranger, of whom can I deserve this?

Lan. Sir, of any man that has but eyes, and manly understanding to find mens wants, good men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Franks*, there are more wayes than certainties, now you beleave: What plow brought you this harvest, what sale of timber, coals, or what annuities? These feed not Hinds, nor wait the expectation of quarter dayes, you see it showers into you, you are an ass, lie plodding, and lie fooling, about this Blazing Starr, and that bo-peep, whyning, and fasting, to finde the naturall reason why a Dog turns twice about befoare he lie down, what use of these, or what joy in annuities, where every man's thy study, and thy tennant, I am ashamed on thee:

Lan. Yes I have seen this fellow, theres a wealthy Widdow hard by.

Val. Yes marry is there.

Lan. I think hees her servant, or I am couzned else, I am sure ont.

Fran. I am glad ont.

Lan. She's a good woman.

Fran. I am gladder:

Lan. And young enough beleve.

Fran. I am gladder of all sir.

Val. *Franks*, you shall lye with me soon.

Fran. I thank my money:

Lan. His money shall lie with me, three in a bed sir will be too much this weather.

(things—)

Val. Meet me at the Mermaid, and thou shalt see what

Lan. Trust to your self sir.

Exeunt Fran. and Vall.

Enter Fount. Bella. and Valentine.

Fount. O *Valentine*.

Val. How now, why do you look so?

Bella. The Widdowes going man.

Val. Why let her go man.

Hare. Shees going out oth Town.

Val. The Town's the happier, I would they were all gone.

Fount. We cannot come to speak with her.

Val.

Wit without Money.

Val. Not to speak to her.

Bel. She will be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

Fount. Mars. Now, now, now, good *Val.*

Val. I had rather march ith' mouth oth' Carion, but adieu, if she be above ground, go, away to your prayers, away I say, away, she shall be spoken withall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Shortbosc with one boot on, Roger and Humphrey.

Reg. She will go, *Shortbosc.*

Short. Who can help it *Roger?*

Within Raph. *Roger,* help down with the hangings.

Reg. By and by *Raph,* I am making up oth' trunks here.

Raph. *Shortbosc.*

Short. VVell.

Raph. VVho looks to my Ladies wardrobe? *Humphrey:*

Hum. Here.

Raph. Down with the boxes in the gallery, and bring away the Coach cushions.

Short. Will it not rain, no conjuring abroad, nor no devices to stop this journey.

Reg. Why go now, why now, why oth' sudden, now what preparation, what horses have we ready, what provision laid in it'n Countrey.

Hum. Not an egge I hope.

Reg. No nor one drop of good drink boyes, ther's the devil.

Short. I hartily pray the malt be musty, and then we must come

Hum. What saies the Steward? *(up again.)*

Reg. Hee's at a wits end, for som four hours since, out of his haste and providence, he mistook the Millars mangie mare, for his own nagge.

Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journey, oh *London* how I love thee.

Hum. I have no boots nor none Ile buy (or if I had) refuse me if I would venture my ability, before a Cloak-Bag, men are men

Short. For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be aimed at, to carry any dirty dary Cream-pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, Chambring, or wantonness behinde my Gelding, with all her Streamers, Knapacks, Glassess, G-gawes,

Without Money.

gawes, as if I were a running slipper, He give um leave to cut my girts, and slay me. He not be troubled with their Disturbations, at every half miles end, I understand my self, and am resolved.

Hum. To morrow night at *Olivers*, who shall be there boys, who shall meet the wenches.

Rog. The well brew'd stand of Ale, we should have met at.

Short. These griefs like to another Tale of *Troy*, would murther the hearts of barbarous people, and Tom Butcher weep, *Enclas enters*, and now the towns lost.

Ral. Why whether run you, my Lady is mad.

Short. I would she were in Bedlam.

Ral. The carts are come, no hands to help to load um, the stuff lies in the hall, the plate:

Within Widow. Why knaves there, where be these idle fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one Boor. (lowes)

Wid. Why where I say:

Ral. Away, away, it must be so.

Short. O for a tickling storm, to last but ten dayes. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena. 1.

Enter Isabella and Lucce.

Lucce. BY my troth Mistris I did it for the best:

Isab. It may be so, but *Lucce*, you have a tongue: a dish of meat in your mouth, which if it were minced *Lucce*, would do a great deal better.

Lucce. I protest Mistress.

Isa. It will be your own one time or other: *Walter.*

Walter within: Anon forsooth.

Isa. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak, you are so full of providence; and *Walter*, tuck up my little box behind the Coach, and bid my maid make ready, my sweet service to your good Lady Mistress; and my dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

Lucce. But hear me.

Isa. I am in love sweet *Lucce*, and you are so skilfull, that I must:

Without Money,

must needs undo my self; and hear me, let *Oliver* pack up my Glass discreetly, and see my Curles well carried, O sweet *Luce*, you have a tongue, and open tongues have open you know what,
Luce.

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Isab. Yes and contented too, before I leave you: there's a *Roger*, which some call a Butcher, I speak of certainties, I do not fish *Luce*, nay do not stare, I have a tongue can talk too: and a Green Chamber *Luce*, a back door opens to a long Gallerie; there was a night *Luce*, do you perceive, do you perceive me yet: O do you blush *Luce*, a Friday night I saw your Saint *Luce*: for to her box of Marmaladde, all's thine sweet *Roger*, this I heard and kept too.

Luce. En'e as you are a woman Mistress.

Isab. This I allow as good and Physicall sometime these meetings, and for the cheering of the heart; but *Luce*, to have your own turn served, and to your friend to be a dogbole.

Luce. I confess it Mistress.

Isab. As you have made my sister Jealous of me, and foolishly, and childishly pursued it, I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes, for which mine honour suffers, your best waies mu't be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a means to clear my self, and she a fair opinion of me, else you peevish—

Luce. My power and prayers Mistress.

Isab. Whats the matter?

Enter Shorthose and Widdow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come are you ready, you love so to delay time, the day growes on.

Isab. I have sent for a few trifles, when those are come; And now I know your reason.

Wid. Know your own honour then, about your business, see the Coach ready presently, He tell you more then.

Exit Luce and Shorthose.

And understand it well, you must not think your sister, so tender

VVithout Money,

tender eyed as not to see your follies, alas I know your heart and must imagine, and truly too; tis not your charitie can co^{ll} such sums to give away as you have done; in that you have a wisdom *Isabel*, no nor modesty where nobler uses are at home; I tell you, I am ashamed to finde this in your years; far more in your discretion, none to chuse but things for pittie, none to seal your thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name; nothing to bring you to but this, cold and hunger: A jolly Joynture sifter, you are happy, no mony, no not ten shillings.

Isa. You search neerly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that know not where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest, unless it be it's stocks; what kindred has he, but a more wanting brother, or what vertues.

Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see sifter.

Wid. Or say the man had vertue, is vertue in this age a full inheritance: what Joynture can he make you, *Plutarchs Morals*, or so much penny rent in the small Poets, this is not well, tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isa. And this you quit the town for.

Wid. Ist not time?

Isa. You are better read in my affairs than I am, thats all I have to answer, Ile go with you, and willingly, and what you think most dangerous, Ile sit laugh at. For sifter tis not folly but good discretion governs our main fortunes.

Wid. I am glad to hear you say so.

Isa. I am for you.

Enter Shortbosc and Humphrey with riding rods.

Hum. The Devil cannot stay her shée'f ont, eat an egge now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray, may London wayes from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their wheels, may zealous Smiths so house all our Hackneys, that they may feel compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate, may it rain above all Almanacks till Carriers fail, and the Kings Fishmonger ride like *Bike Arion* up-

on a Trout to *London*.

Hum. At *S. Albons*, let all the Inns be drunk, not an Host sober to bid her worship welcome.

Short. Nor a Fiddle; but all preach down with Puritanes; no meat but Legs of Beef.

Hum. No beds but Wooll-Packs.

Short. And those so cramm'd with Warrens of starved Fleas that bite like Bandogs; let *Mims* be angry at their *S. Bel-Swagger*, and we pass in the heat out and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten horse and man, and all my Ladies-linnen sprinkled with fuds and dishwater.

Short. Nor a wheel but out of joynts.

Enter Roger laughing.

Hum. Why dost thou laugh.

Reg. Thers a Gentleman, and the rarest Gentleman, and makes the rarest sport.

Short. Where, where?

Reg. Within here, has made the gayest sport with *Tom* the Coachman, so cew'd him up with Sack that he lies lashing a But of Malmie for his Mares.

Short. Tis very good.

Reg. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs, and *Shortbaste*, he has so maul'd the Red Deer pies, made such an alms ith butterie,

Short. Better still.

Enter Val. Widdow.

Ham. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman.

Short. May he anger her into a feather.

Exeunt.

Wid. I pray tell me, who sent you hither? for I imagine it is not your condition you look so temperately, and like a Gentleman, to ask me these milde questions.

Val. Do you think I use to walk of errands gentle Lady, or deal with women out of dreams from others.

Wid. You have not known me sure?

Val. Nor much.

Wid. What reason have you then to be so tender of my credit, you are no kinsman?

Val. If you take it so, the honest office that I came to do you, is not so heavey but I can return it: now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.

Wid.

Wid. Pray stay, a little proud:

Val. Monstrous proud, I grieve to hear a woman of your value, and your abundant parts sung by the people, but now I see tis true, you look upon me as if I were a rude and saucie fellow that borrowed all my breeding from a dunghill, or such a one, as should now fall and worship you in hope of pardon: you are cozen'd Lady, I came to prove opinion a loud liar, to see a woman onely great in goodness, and Mistress of a greater fame then fortune, but—

Wid. You are a strange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I should be monstrous angry, which I am not, and shew the effects of pride; I should despise you, but you are welcome sir: To think well of our selves, if we deserve it, it is a luster in us, and every good we have, strives to shew gracious, what use is it else, old age like Seer-trees, is seldom teen affected, firs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts as his daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well, and now you speak to the purpose, you please me, but to be place proud:

Wid. If it be our own, why are we set here with distinction else, degrees, and orders given us? In you men, tis held a coolness, if you lose your right affronts and losse of honor: streets, and walls, and upper ends of tables, had they tongues could tell what blood has followed, and what feud about your ranks: are we so much below you, that till you have us, are the tops of nature, to be accounted drunes without a difference? you will make us beasts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this too, proud of your cloathes, they iwear a Mercers Lucifer, a rumour rackt together by a Taylour, nay yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish that butter-milk can better.

Wid. Lord, how little will vex these poor blind people, if my cloathes be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow, my minde must be my Mercers too, or say my beauty please some weak eyes, must it please them to think that blowes me up, that every hour blowes off: this is an Infants anger.

Val. Thus they say too, what though you have a Coach

Wit without Money.

names are served in else at Ordinaries, and belcht abroad in Taverns.

Val. O most brave Wench, and able to redeem an age o women.

VVid. You are no Whoremasters, alas no Gentlemen, it were an impudencie to think you vicious; you are so holy, handsome Ladies fright you, you are the cool things of the time, the temperance, meer emblemes of the Law, and vales of Vertue, you are not daily mending like Dutch watches, and plastering like old walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their secret finnes increase our Surgeons, and lie in forraine Countries, for new sores; women are all these vices; you are not envious, false, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious, drunken, revengefull, giddie-eyed, like Parrats, eaters of others honours.

Val. You are angrie.

VVid. No by my troth, and yet I could say more too, for when men make me angrie, I am miserable.

Val. Sure 'tis a man, she could not bear it thus bravely else, it may be I am tedious.

VVid. Not at all sir, I am content: at this time you should trouble me.

Val. You are distrustfull.

VVid. Where I find no truth, sir.

Val. Come, come, you are full of passion.

VVid. Some I have, I were too neer the nature a god else.

Val. You are monstrous peevish.

VVid. Because they are monstrous foolish, and know not how to use that should trie me.

Val. I was never answered thus, was you never drunk Lady?

VVid. No sure, not drunk sir; yet I love good wine, as I love health and joy of heart, but temperately, why do you ask that question?

Val. For that sin that they most charge you with, is this sins servant, they say you are monstrous.

VVid. What sir, what?

Val. Most strangely.

Wife without Money.

Wid. It has a name sure.

Val. Infinitely lustfull, without all bounds, they swear you kild your husband.

Wid. Let us have it all for Heavens sake, tis good mirth first.

Val. They say you will have four now, and those four stuck in four quarters, like four winds to cool you; will she not cry nor curse?

Wid. On with your Story.

Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations with sums of money to that purpose.

Wid. Four husbands, should not I be blest first for example; Lord, what should I do with them? turn a malt-mill, or tithe them out like Town-bulls to my tenants, you come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. Ile make you merry then, you are a brave woman, and in despite of envie a right one, go thy wayes, truth thou art as good a woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his leg over, I do not often commend your Sex.

Wid. It seems so, your commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you, and sit you into flour to know your purenesse, and I have found you excellent, I thank you; continue so, and shew men how to tread, and women how to follow: get an husband, an honest man, you are a good woman, and live hedg'd in from scandall, let him be too, an understanding man, and to that steadfast; tis pitie your fair Figure should miscarry, and then you are fixt, farewell.

Wid. Pray stay a little, I love your company now you are so pleasant, and to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer.

Exit.

Wid. As I live a fine fellow, this manly handsome bluntnesse, shewes him honest; what is he, or from whence? bleste me, four husbands, how prettily he fooled me into vices, to stir my jealousy, and find my nature; a proper Gentleman: I am not well oth' sudden, such a companion I could live and die with, his angers are meer mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you so?

Isa. What ails she, the Coach staies, and the people, the day

Without Money.

day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire, sister : sit, who stayes now, why do you sit and pour thus.

Wid. Prethee be quiet, I am not well.

Isab. For Heave'n sake lets not ride staggering in the night, come, pray you take some sweet meats in your pocker, if your stomach—

Wid. I have a little business.

Isab. To abuse me, you shall not finde new dreams, and new suspitions, to horse withall.

Wid. Lord who made you a Commander : hay ho, my heart.

Isab. Is the winde come thither, and coward like do you lose your colours to um, are you sick ath *Valentine* ; sweet sister, come lets away, the countrey will so quicken you, and we shall live so sweetly : *Luce*, my Ladies Cloak ; nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, I would not stay for all the world ; If I live here, you have so knocked this love into my head, that I shall love any body, and I finde my body, I know not how, so apt ; pray lets be gone sister, I stand on thornes.

Wid. I prethee *Isabella*, I faith I have some business that concerns me, I will suspect no more, here, wear that for me, and I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shortnose & *Roger, Humphrey, Ralph.*

Isab. I had rather go, but —

Wid. Come walk in with me, wee'l go to Cards, unladdle the Horses.

Short. A Jubile, a Jubile, we stay boyes.

Ester Vuole, Lan. Foun. Bella. Haribrain following.

Vuc. Are they behind us.

Lance. Close, close, speak aloud sir.

Vuc. I am glad my nephew has so much discretion at length to finde his wants ; did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome.

Vuc. For his own sake do you think.

Lance. Most certain sir, and in his own cause bestir'd himself too, and wan such liking from her, she does on him, has the command of all the house already.

Vuc. He deals not well with his friends.

Lance.

We without Money.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own friend, he has most need of her.

Vnc. I wonder they would put him.

Lan. You are in the right ont, a man that must raise himself, I knew he would cosen um, and glad I am he has; he watched occasion, and found it ick nick.

Vnc. He has deceived me.

Lan. I told you howsoever he wheel'd about, he would charge home at length, how I could laugh now, to think of these tame fools.

Vnc. Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

Bel. Harke you Gentlemen.

Vnc. We are upon a business, pray excuse us, they have it home.

Lanc. Come let it work good on Gentlemen.

Exit Vncle, Lance.

Fon. Tis true, he is a knave, I ever thought it.

Harc. And we are fools, tame fools.

Bel. Come lets go seek him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely.

Exit.

Enter Isabella, Luce.

Isa. Art sure she loves him.

Luce. Am I sure I live? And I have clapt on such a commendation on your revenge.

Isa. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsom enough, and that her eye has found out,

Isa. He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce. Has the right way.

Isa. How is she?

Luce. Bears it well, as if she cared nor, but a man may see with half an eye through all her forced behaviours, and finde who is her *Valentine*.

Isa. Come lets go see her, I long to prosecute.

Luce. By no means Mistress, let her take better hold first,

Jfab. I could burst now.

Exeunt.

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefics, you Pilchers, you shotten, sold, slight fellows, was't not I that undertook you first from empirie barrells, and brought those barking mouths that gaped like bung-holes to utter sence: where got you understanding? who taught you manners and apt carriage

What without Money.

carriage to ranke your selves who filled you in sic Taverns, were those born with your worships when you came hither? what brought you from the Universities of moment matter to allow you, besides your small base sentences?

Bell. Tis well sir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two hand-rapiers, boot-hoses with penny-poses, and twenty fools opinions, who looked on you but piping rites that knew you would be prising, & Prentises in *Pauls* Church-yard, that seated your want of *Brittains* Books.

Enter Widdow, Luce, Harebrain.

Fount. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my integrity you Whelps.

Bell. You may talk the stock we gave you out, but see no further.

Hare. You tempt our patience, we have found you out, and what your trust comes to, yea'r well feathered, thank us, and think now of an honest course, tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly into your tumbling tricks, they are stale.

Wid. is not that he?

Luce Tis he.

Wid. Be still and mark him.

Val. How miserable will these poor wretches be when I forsake um, but things have their necessities, I am sorry, to what a vomit must they turn again, now to their own dear dunghil breeding; never hope after I cast you off, you men of *Mosley*, you most undone things below pitie, any that has a soul and sixpence dares releeve you, my name shall bar that blessing; ther's your cloake sir, keep it close to you, it may yet preserve you a fortnight longer from the fool; your hat, pray be covered, and ther's the Satin that your Worships sent me, will serve you at a Sizes yet.

Fount. Nay faith sir, you may ene rub these out now.

Val. No such relicke, nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness shall keep me warm, these breeches are mine own, purchased, and paid for, without your compassion, a Christian breeches founded in *Black Friars*, and so Ile maintain um.

Hare. So they seem sir.

Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches, and the odde groat, I take it, shall be yours sir, a marke to know a Knave by, pray preserve it, do not displease more, but

Without Money.

Take it presently, now help me off with my boots.

Harc. We are no grooms sir.

Val. For once you shall be, do it willingly, or by this hand I'll make you.

Bell. To our own sir, we may apply our hands.

Val. Theres your hangers, you may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle will hold you without buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your worships tell me I am beholding to you.

Fount. No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you pity me, tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity which are the poorer; you are now puppies; I without you, or you without my knowledge be rouges, and so be gone, be rouges and reply not, for if you do—

Bell. Only thus much, and then wee'll leave you, the ayr is far sharper than our anger sir, and these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

Harc. Pray have a care sir of your health. *Exit Lovers.*

Val. Yes Hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits; tis cold, and I am very sensible, extreemly cold too, yet I will not off, till I have shamed these rascalls; I have indured as ill heats as another, and every way if one could perish my body, you'll bear the blame ont; I am colder here, not a poor penny left.

Uncle with a bag.

Vnc. Ta's taken rarely, and now hee's dead he will be ruled.

Lanc. Too him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Vnc. Why how now cozen, sunning your self this weather?

Val. As you see sir, in a hot fit, I thank my friends.

Vnc. But cozen, where are your clothes man, those are no inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no fashion cozen.

Val. Not much followed, I must confess; yet Uncle I determine to trie what may be done next Term.

Lanc. How came you thus sir, for you are strangely moved.

Val. Rags, toys and trifles, fit only for those fools that first possessed um, and to those Knaves, they are rendred freemen. Uncle, ought to appear like innocents, old Adam, a fair Fig-leaf sufficient.

Vnc. Take me with you, were these your friends, that clear'd

leat'd you thus.

Val. Hang friends, and even reckonings that make friends.

Unc. I thought till now, there had been no such living, no such purchase, for all the rest is labour, as a list of honourable friends, do not such men as you sir, in lieu of all your understandings, travels, and those great gifts of nature; aim at no more than casting-off your coats, I am strangely cosen'd.

Lance. Should not the towne shake at the cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer interdiction, no more sense spoken, all things *Gold* and *Vandall*, till you be summed again, velvets and scarlets, anointed with gold-lace, and cloth of silver turned in- to *Spanish* Cottenes for a pennance, wits blasted with your bulls, and Tavernes withered, as though the Term lay at *St Albones*.

Val. Gentlemen, you have spoken long and level, I beseech you take breath a while and hear me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your strings, that I am at the last, as also that my friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier, to raise me up again above your rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do beleeve.

Val. You have no mind to better me.

Unc. Yes Cosen, and to that end I come, and once more offer you all that my power is master of.

Val. A match then, lay me down fifty pounds there.

Unc. There it is, sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give this, as due unto my merit, without caution of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Unc. How? *Luce* lays a suit and letter at the door.

Val. Without daring, when you are drunk, to relish of revilings, to which you are prone in sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while, away I say sir, let him go forward with his naked fashion, he will seek you too morrow; goodly weather, sultrie hot; sultrie, how I sweat.

Unc. Farewell, sir.

Will without Money.

Unc. Farewell, sir. *Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*

Val. Would I swear too, I am monstrous vext, and cold too; and these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in; clothes I must get, this fashion will not fadge with me; besides, 'tis an ill winter wear. — What art thou? yes, they are clothes, and rich ones, some fool has left um; and if I should utter — what's this paper here? Let these be onely worn by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Valentine*, — drop out both clouds; I think they are full of gold too; well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm agen, in the next house I'll shift. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. **W**Hy do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

Unc. Peace Cosen peace, you are too tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus; the violence of his disease *Francisco*, must not be jested with, 'tis grown infectious, and now strong Corrasives must cure him.

Lance. Has had a stinger, has eaten off his cloathes, the next his skin comes.

Unc. And let it search him to the bones, 'tis better, 'twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now? will his fantastical opinions cloath him; or the learned Art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It must needs greedily, for all his friends have hung him off, he is naked, and where to skinne himselfe agen, if I know, or can devise how he should get himself lodging, his spirit must be bowed, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him cracking of nuts, with half a cloake about him, for all means are cut off, or borrowing fixpence, to shew his bounty in the pottage Ordinary?

Fran. VVhich way went he?

Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him, you have beeng trimm'd already, let him take his fortune, he spunne it

Will without Money.

out himselfe, sir, there's no pittie.

Unc. Besides some good to you now, from this miserie.

Fran. I rise upon his ruines, sic, sic, Uncle, sic honest *Lance*. those Gentlemen were base people, that could so soon take fire to his destruction.

Unc. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Morrow uncle, morrow *Franke*, sweet *Franke*, and how, and how dee, think now, how shew matters? morrow *Bandog*.

Unc. How?

Fran. Is this man naked, forsaken of his friends?

Val. Th'art handsome, *Franke*, a pretty Gentleman, ifaith thou lookest well, and yet here may be those that look as handsome.

Lan. Sure he can conjure, and has the Devil for his Tailor.

Unc. New and rich, tis most impossible he should recover.

Lan. Give him this luck, and sling him into the Sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he, imagination cannot work this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, tis he, I will assure you uncle, the very he, the he your wisdom plaid withall, I thank you for't, neighed at his nakednesse, and made his cold and poverty your pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more uncle, and though I have no state, I keep the streets still, and take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman, wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things they serve me, can make a shew too if I list; yes uncle, and ring a peal in my pockets, ding dong, uncle, these are mad foolish wayes, but who can help um?

Unc. I am amazed.

Lan. Ile sell my Copyhold, for since there are such excellent new nothings, why should I labour, is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, nor no old woman.

Unc. You are *Valentine*.

Val. I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christened, why do you wonder at me, and swell, as if you had met a Sergeant: salting, did you ever know desert want? y'are fools, a little steepe there may be to allay him, he would grow too rank else, a small eclipse to shadow him, but out he must break, glowingly again, and with great luster, look you uncle, motion and majesty.

Unc. I am confounded,

Fran. I am of his faith.

[*Wit without Money.*]

Val. Walk by his careless kinsman, and turn again and walk, and look thus Uncle, taking some one by the hand, he loves best, leave them to the mercie of the hog-marker, come *Franks*, Fortune is now my friend, let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow Uncle, I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours, I shall be thus again, now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance.

Ex. Val. and Franc.

Unc. I do believe him.

Lan. So do I, and heartily upon my conscience burie him stark naked, he would rise again, within two hours imbrodered: Tow mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick as his new sattens do, and clothes of silver, there's no striving.

Unc. Let him play a while then, and let's search out what hand: ===

Lan. I there the game lies,

Exeunt.

Enter Fountains, Bellamore and Harebraine.

Foun. Come, let's speak for our selves, we have lodg'd him sure enough, his nakednesse dare not peep out to crosse us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Let's in boldly, and use our best arts, who she dains to favour, we are all content.

Foun. Much good may do her with him, no civil wars,

Bel. By no means, now do I wonder in what old rod I lie he lies whistling for means, nor clothes he hath none, nor none will trust him, we have made that side sure, teach him a new wooing.

Hare. Say it is his uncles spite.

Foun. It is all one Gentleman, 'cas rid us of a fair incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own fortunes. Who are these?

Enter Isabel and Luce.

Isa. Not see this man yet, well, I shall be wiser: but *Luce*, didit ever know a woman melt so? she is finely hurt to hurt.

Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.

Isa. I could so titter now and laugh, I was lost *Luce*, and I must love, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks, and we must into the Countrey in all haste, *Luce*.

Luce. For Heavens sake, Mist'ris.

Isa. Nay, I have done, I must laugh though; but scholler, I shall teach you.

Foun. 'Tis her sister.

Bel.

Without Money.

Bel. Seve you Ladies.

Isa. Fair mrr Gentlemen,
you are visiting my sifter, I assure my self.

Harc. We would fain blefs our eyes.

Isab. Behold and welcome, you would see her :

Foun. Tis our business.

Isa. You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see um, nor spend a word.

Isa. Ile make her frst a thousand, nay now I have found the
sab, I will so scratch her. *Luc.* She cannot endure um.

Isab. She loves um but too dearly, come follow me, Ile bring
you to'r'h party Gentlemen, then make your own conditions.

Luce. See is sick you know.

Isa. Ile make her well, or kill her, and take no idle answer,
you are fools then, nor stand off for her state, sheel scorn you all
then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her, a
Widdow must be won so.

Bel. Shee speaks bravely.

Isa. I would fain have a brother in law, I love mens compa-
ny, and if she call for dinner to avoid you, be sure you stay, fol-
low her into her chamber, if she retire to Pray, pray with her,
and boldly, like honest lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Foun. You have shewed us one way, do but lead the tother.

Isa. I know you stand a thorns, come Ile dispatch you.

Luce. If you live after this. *Isa.* I have lost my aym.

Enter Vallentine and Francisco.

Fra. Did you not see um since.

Val. No hang um, hang um.

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by um : *Val.* Let um
alone *Francke.* Ile mak um their own justice, and a jerker.

Fran. Such base discourteous-Dog-whelps

Val. I shal dog um, and double dog um, ere I have done.

Fran. Will you go with me, for I whuld fain finde out this
peece of bountie, it was the Widdows man that I am certain of.

Val. To what end would you go.

Frau. To give thanks.

Val. Hang giving thanks, hast not thou part deserves it, it in-
cluds to a further will to be beholding, beggers can do no more at
Doore, if you will go, there lies your way.

Fran.

VVithout Money,

Fran. I hope you will go.

Val. No not in ceremony, and to a woman, with mine own father, were he living *Franke*; I would tor'h Court with Bears first, if it be that wench, I think it is, for t'others wiser, I would not be so lookt upon, and laught at, so made a ladder for her wir, to climbe upon, for tis the tarest tit in Christendome, I know her well *Franke*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroaked, fleard upon, and flouted, and shown to Chambermaids, like a strange beast, she had purchased with her penny.

Fran. You are a strange man, but do you think it was a woman.

Val. Theres no doubt ont, who can be there to do it else, besides the manner of the circumstances.

Fran. Then such courtesies, who ever dos um fir, saving your own wisdom, must be more lookt into, and better answered, then with deserving flights, or what we ought to have conferred upon us, men may starve else, means are not gotten now with crying out I am a gallant fellow, a good Souldier, a man of learning, or fit to be employed, immediate blessings, cease like miracles, and we must grow, by second means, I pray go with me, even as you love me fir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Franke*, I will not stay to hear your fopperies, dispatch those ere I come.

Fran. You will not fail me.

Val. Some two hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for you.

Exeunt

Enter Widow, Shortbosc, and Roger.

Wid. Who let in these puppies, you blinde rascals, you drunken Knaves several.

Short. Yes forsooth, Ile let um in presently, — Gentlemen,

Wid. Specious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue.

Short. I bawl as loud as I can, would you have me fetch um upon my back.

Wid. Get um out rascall, out with um, out, I sweat to have um neer me.

Short. I should sweat more to carry um out.

Rog. They are Gentlemen Madam:

Short. Shall we get um intor'h butterie, and make um drink.

Wid. Do any thing, so I be eased,

Enter,

What without Money.

Enter Isabel, Fount. Bella. Haré.

Isab. Now too her sir, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside bay, I know she loves um, howsoever she carries it, and has invited um, my young Mistress told me so.

Short. Away to tables then.

Exeunt.

Isab. I shall burst with the sport ont.

Fount. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bella. Me thinks the house is handsome, every place decent, what need you be vext?

Haré. We are no strangers.

Fount. What though we come ere you expected us, do not we know your entertainments Madam are free, and full at all times.

Vid. You are merry Gentlemen.

Bell. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, men love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will none deliver me?

Haré. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your friends come, you have as much power Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious torment.

Fount. How handsomly this little peece of anger shewes upon her, well Madam well, you know not how to grace your self.

Bell. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

Vid. I must go up, I must go up, I have a business waites upon me, some wine for the Gentlemen.

Haré. Nay, wee'l go with you, we never saw your chambers yet.

Isab. Hold there boyes.

Vid. Say I go to my prayers.

Fount. Wee'l pray with you, and help your meditations.

Wid. This is boystrous, or say I go to sleep, will you go to sleep with me.

Bell. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous, we know your dinners ready Lady, you will not sleep.

Vid. Give me my Coach, I will take the air.

Haré. Wee'l wait on you, and then your meat after a quickned stomacke.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me, and bid him bring

Wit without Money.

bring his reckonings into the Orchard, these unmannerly rude puppies —

Exit Widow.

Fann. Weele walk after you and view the pleasure of the place.

Isa. Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, shee'l scorn and flout you, seem how she will, this is the way to win her, be bold and prosper.

Bella. Nay if we do not tire her, —

Exeunt.

Isab. Ile teach you to worm me, good Lady sister, and peep into my privacies to suspect me, Ile torture you, with that you hate most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you loue most.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done, she chafes and fumes outrageously, and still they persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so, Ile teach her to declaim against my pities, why is she not gone out o'th town, but gives occasion for men to run mad after her.

Luce. I shall be hanged.

Isa. This in me had been high treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard, I hope shee'l cast her reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I shall find who brought um.

Isa. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why do you laugh sister, I fear me tis your trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your pleasure.

Isab. What have you done with um.

Wid. Lockt um with Orchard, there Ile make um dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude puppies.

Isa. They are somewhat saucy, but yet Ile let um out, and once more sound um, Why were they not beaten out.

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as suiters.

Isab. Why did you not answer um.

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet, how came these in.

Enter Francisco and Luce.

Lan. At the door Madam.

Isab. It is that face.

Luce. This is the Gentleman.

Wid. Shee sent the money too.

Luce.

Luce. The same.

Isa. He leave you, they have some business.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay sister, they are strangers both to me; how her face alters?

Isa. I am sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now though, who would you speak with, Gentlemen?

Lan. You Lady, or your fair sister there, here's a Gentleman that has received a benefit.

Wid. From whom, sir?

Lan. From one of you, as he supposes Madam, your man delivered it.

Wid. I pray go forward.

Lan. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not, without the tender of his thanks and service, passe by the house.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lan. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your name, sir?

Fran. They that know me, call me *Francisco* Lady, one not so proud to scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched to hide a gratitude.

Wid. It is well bestowed then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your sister as it seems, for what desert I dare not know, unless a handsome subject for your charities, or aptness in your noble will to do it, have shewn upon my wants a timely bounty, which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

Wid. I am sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman, she do not blush, go roundly to the matter, the man is a prettie man.

Isa. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear Lady.

Isa. I pray no more sir, if I may perswade you, your onely aptness to do this is recompence, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Lady.

Isa. And for me further to be acquainted with it, besides the imputation of vain glory, were greedy thankings of my self, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it; and if it happened where I thought it fited, I have my end; more to enquire is curious in either of us, more than that suspicious:

Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

Isa. About the right way nothing, do not fright it, being

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to pious use and tender sighted, with the blown face of Complements, it blasts it, had you not come at all, but thought thanks; it had been too much, 'twas not to see your person.

Wid. A brave dissembling rogue, and how she carries it.

Isa. Though I beleeve few handsomer; or hear you, though I affect a good tongue well; or trie you, though my years desire a friend, that I relieved you.

Wid. A plague cunning quean.

Isa. For so I carried it, my ends too glorious in mine eyes, and bartered the goodnesse I propounded with opinion.

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Isa. You cannot catch me, sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up Ladie &

Isa. Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilst good men wanted it.

Lan. This is a Saint sure.

Isa. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think my thanks are, to doubt I may be worth your gift a treason, both to mine own good and understanding, I know my mind clear, and though modestie tels me, he that intreats, intrudes; yet I must think something, and of some season, meet with your better taste, this had not been else.

Wid. What ward for that, wench?

Isa. Alas, it never touched me.

Fran. Well, gentle Ladie, yours is the first money I ever took upon a forced ill-manners.

Isa. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way to be thought a gratefull taker.

Isa. Spend it, and say nothing, your modestie may deserve more.

Wid. O sister, will you bar thankfulness?

Isa. Dogges dance for mear, would you have men do worke, for they can speak, crie out like VVood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did it that my best friend should not know it, wine and vain glorie does as much as I else, if you will force my merit, against my meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and not examining a woman did it, or to what end, in not be-
leeving

Wit without Money.

leaving sometimes your self, when drink and stirring conversation may ripen strange persuasions.

Fran. Gentle Ladie, I were a base receiver of a courtesie, and you a worse disposer, were my nature unfurnished of these fore-sights, Ladies honours were ever in my thoughts, unspotted crimes, their good deeds holy temples, where the incense burns not, to common eyes your tears are vertuous, and so I shall preserve um.

Isa. Keep but this way, and from this place to tell me so, you have paid me; and so I wish you see all fortune. *Exit.*

Wid. Fear not, the woman will be thanked, I do not doubt it, are you so craftie, carrie it so precisely, this is to wake my fears, or to abuse me, I shall look narrowly, despaire not Gentlemen, there is an hour to catch a woman in, if you be wise, so, I must leave you too: Now will I go laugh at my Suitors, *Exit.*

Lan. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This woman is a founde, and cites statutes to all her benefits.

Lan. I never knew yet, so few years and so cunning, yet beleeve me she has an itch, but how to make her confesse it, for it is a craftie Tit, and playes about you, will not bite home, she would faine, but she dares not, carrie yourself but so discreetly fir, that want or wantonnesse seem not to search you, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich, would give two thousand pound to wed her wit but one hour, oh tis a dragon, and such a spritely way of pleasure, ha *Lance.*

Lan. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would erie, ho, ho, *Lance.*

Fran. Some leaden landed rogue will have this wench now, when all's done, some such youth will carrie her, and wear her greasie out like stufte, some Dunce that knowes no more but markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at Sizes: O the fortunes,

Enter Isabel and Lance.

Lan. Comfort your self,

Luce. They are here yet, and a love too, boldly upon't; nay, Mistresse, I still told you, how t'would finde your trust, this

Wit without Money.

'tis to venture your charitie upon a boy.

Lan. Now, what's the matter? stand fast, and like your self.

Isa. Prethee no more wench.

Luce. What was his want to you.

Isa. 'Tis true.

Luce. Or misery, or say he had been ith' Cage, was there no mercie to look abroad but yours?

Isa. I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Must every slight companion that can purchase a shew of poverty and beggerly planet fall under your compassion?

Lance. Here's a new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are served but too well, here he staies yet, yet as I live.

Fran. How her face akers on me?

Luce. Out of a confidence I hope.

Isa. I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you gentle Lady?

Isa. Much ashamed sir, but first stand further off me, y'are infectious to find such vanitie, nay almost impudence, where I beleeve a worth: is this your thanks, the gratitude you were so made to make me, your trim counsell Gentlemen?

Lanc. What, Lady?

Isa. Take your device agen, it will not serve sir, the woman will not bite, you are finely cosened, drop it no more for shame.

Luce. Do you think you are here sir amongst your wast-coateers, your base wenches that scratch at such occasions; you are deluded: This is a Gentlewoman of a noble house, born to a better fame than you can build her, and eyes above your pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge —

Isa. Then I beseech you sir, what could 'see, speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the Devil, in my behaviour of such easinesse that you durst venture to do this.

Fran. You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, sir.

Isa. I took it up too, still looking when your modesty should misse it, why, what a childish part was this?

Fran. I vow.

Isa. Vow me no vowes, he that dares do this, has bred himself to boldnesse, to forswear too; there take your gew-gaw, you are too much pampered, and I repent my part, as you

Without Money.

you grow older grow wiser if you can, and so farewell fir.

Exit Isabella and Luce.

Lan. Grow wiser if you can, she has put it to you, tis a rich Ring, did you drop it?

Fran. Never, nere see it afore *Lance.*

Lan. Thereby hangs a tail then: what slight she makes to catch her self, look up fir, you cannot lose her if you would, how daintily she flies upon the Lure, and cunningly she makes her stops, whistle and shee'l come to you.

Fran. I would I were so happy.

Lan. Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel they show, goes slowest to us, and mak's hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, which are concealed being often oyl'd with wishes, see like desires, and never leave that motion, till the tongue strikes; she is flesh, blood and marrow, young as her purpose; and soft as pity; no Monument to worship, but a mould to make men in, a neat one, and I know how ere she appears now, which is neer enough, you are stark blinde if you hit not soon at night; she would venture forty pounds more but to feel a Flea in your shape bite her: drop no more Rings forsooth, this was the prettiest thing to know her heart by.

Fran. Thou puts me in much comfort.

Lan. Put your self in good comfort, if she do not point you out the way, drop no more rings, shee'l drop her self into you.

Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.

Lan. Let him alone, and feed your self on your own fortunes; come be frolicke, and lets be monstrous wise and full of counsell: drop no more Rings.

Exit.

Enter Widdow, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish you must be used so: who sent for you? who entertained you Gentlemen? who bid you welcome hither? you came crowding, and impudently bold; press on my patience, as if I kept a house for all Companions, and of all sorts will have your wills, will vex me and force my liking from you, I nere owe'd you.

Fount. For all this we will dine with you.

Bell. And for all this will have a better answer from you.

Wid. You shall never, neither have an answer nor dinner, unless

unless you use me with a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

*Enter Isabella, Shortbosc, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph,
with dishes of meat.*

Isab. Forward with the meat now.

Rog. Come Gentlemen march fairly.

Short. Roger, you are a weak Servingman, your white broath runs from you; fie, how I sweat under this Pile of Beef; an Elephant can do more! Oh for such a back now, and in these times, what might a man arrive at; Goose, graze you up, and Woodcock march behinde thee, I am almost foundred.

Wid. Who bid you bring the meat yet? away you knaves, I will not dine these two houres, how am I vext and chafed; go carry it back and tell the Cook, hee's an arrant Rascall, to send before I called.

Short. Faces about Gentlemen, beat a mournfull march then, and give some supporters, I or else perish—

Exeunt Servants.

Isab. It does me much good to see her chafe thus.

Hare. We can stay Madam, and will stay and dwell here, tis good Ayre.

Foun. I know you have beds enough, and meat you never want.

Wid. You want a little.

Bell. We dare to pretend no; Since you are churlish, wee'll give you Physick, you must purge this anger, it burns yon and decays you.

Wid. If I had you out once, I would be at charge of a percal-
lis for you.

Enter Vallantine.

Val. Good morrow noble Lady.

Wid. Good morrow sir, how sweetly now he looks, and how full manly, what slaves was these to use him so.

Val. I come to look a young man I call brother.

Wid. Such a one was here sir, as I remember your own brother, but gone almost an hour agoe.

Val. Good e'n then.

Wid. You must not so soon sir, here be some Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with um.

Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?

Foun. How glorious!

Bell. It is the very he, does it rain fortunes, or has he a familiar.

Here. How doggedly he looks too.

Fenn. I am beyond my faith, pray lets be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen?

Wid. Here.

Val. Yes I know um, and will be more familiar.

Bell. Morrow Maddam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talk with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my fury, you thinke you have undone me, think so still, and swallow that beleeve, till you be company for Court-hand, Clarkes, and starved Attornies, till you break in at playes like Prentises for three a groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars in peny Rhoons agen, and fight for Apples, till you return to what I found you, people betraid into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meal-markers, with throngings to see Cutpursses stir not, but hear, and mark, Ile cut your throats off, till Water works, and rumours of New Rivers rid you again and run you into questions who built Thames, till you run mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your tables to glean the golden Sentences, and cite um secretly to Servingmen for sound Essayes, till Tavernes allow you but a Towel room to Tiddle in Wine, that the Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken promises, tied up with wicker protestations, English Tobacco with half Pipes, nor in half a yeer once burd, and Bisket that Bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like Coralls to bring the mark again, tell these hour Rascals so, this most fatall hour will come again, think I sit down the looser.

Wid. Will you stay Gentlemen, a peece of Beef and a cold Capon, thats all, you know you are welcome.

Hum. That was cast to abuse us.

Bell. Seal off, the devil is in his anger.

Wid. Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discourteously now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? why do ye vex a woman of her goodness, her state and worth; can you bring a fair certifi-

With a new Admiration,

fieate that you deserve to be her footmen, husbands, you papies, husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you wind suckers; do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury, and fight this Lady, I shall hear, and know this: and though I am not bound to fight for women, as far as they are good I dare preserve um: be not too bold, for if you be, Ile swinge you monstrously without all pittie, your honours now goe, avoid me mainly. *Exeunt.*

Wid. Well sir, you have delivered me, I thank you, and with your nobleness prevented danger, their tongues might utter, weell all go and eat fir.

Val. No, no I dare not trust my self with women, go to your meat, eat little, take less ease, and tie your body to a daily labour, you may live honestly, and so I thank you. *Exit.*

Wid. Well go thy wayes, thou art a noble fellow, and some means I must work to have thee know it. *Exit.*

Actus 3. Scena. I.

Enter Vncle and Merchant.

Vnc. **M**OST certain tis. her hands that hold him up, and her sister relieves *Frank.*

Mer. I am glad to hear it: but wherefore do they not pursue this fortune to some fair end?

Vnc. The women are too craftie, *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashfull, had any wise man hold of such a blessing, they would strike it out or th' flint but they would forme it.

Enter Widdow and Sherrbosa.

Mer. The Widdow sure, why does she stir so early.

Wid. Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand me, and make a benefit, of what I would bring him, tell my sister Ile use say devotions at home this morning, she may if she please go to Church.

Sherr. Hay ho.

Wid. And do you waite upon her with torch sir?

Sherr. Hay ho.

Wid.

Wid. You lazie Knave.

Short. Here is such a tinkle tanklings that we can here lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out, *Ralph* pray emptie my right shooe that you made your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Rose-mirie in't, I must wait upon my Ladie. This morning Prayer has brought me into a consumption, I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

Wid. You droufie slave, nothing but sleep and swilling.

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandoeg fleas, as I have been, and haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.

Short. You would have little list to morning Prayers, pray take my fellow *Ralph*, hee has a Psalms booke, I am an ingrum man.

Wid. Get you ready quickly, and wen she is ready wait upon her handsomely; no more, be gone.

Short. If I do shone my part out —

Exit Short.

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mrs. Good morrow, Madam,

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good joy and fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you sir.

Mrs. Much joy I hope [you'l finde, we came to gratulate your new knit marriage-band.

Wid. How?

Knc. Hee's a Gentleman, although he be my kinsman, my fair Niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir?

Knc. Yes Lady, now I may say so, tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light fancies, which you most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and managed.

Wid. Whats all this, I understand you nos, what Niece, what marriage-knot?

Unc. He tell plainly, you are my Niece, and *Valentine* the Gentleman has made you so by marriage.

Wid. Marriage?

Without Money

Unc. Yes Lady, and twas a noble and vertuous party to take a falling man to your protection, and bouy him up again to all his glories.

Wid. The men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things, that flie away like shadowes, was not his mind a full one, and a brave one? You have wealth enough to give him glosse and out-side, and he wit enough to give way to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew how ever he wheel'd about like a loose Cabine, he would charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman; Heavens blessing a your heart Lady, we are so bound to honour you, in all your service so devoted to you.

Wid. Do not look so strange Widow, it must be known, better a generall joy; no stirring here yet, come, come, you cannot hide um.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest royes, belike I am married then.

Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the worlds account else, I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with child?

Unc. No, great they say not, but tis a full opinion you are with childe, and great joy among the Gentlemen, your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance, how long, and when he stayed, could name the bed too, where he paid down his first fruits.

Wid. I shall bekeve anon.

Unc. And we consider for some private reasons, you would have it private, yet take your own pleasure, and so good morrow, my best Niece, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you would be with him, love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'l find him noble, this may beget.

Unc. It must needs work upon her. *Exit Unc. and Mer.*

Wid. These are fine bobs itaith, married, and with childe too, how long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellows;

lower, they should not come to flout; married, and bedded,
the world takes notice too, where lies this May-game? I could
be vext extreamely now, and rail too, but tis to no end,
though I such a little, must I be for aitch. I know not how, who
waits there?

Enter Humphrey, a servant.

Hum. Madam.

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you onely,
and hark you sir, be secret & speedy, inquire out where he lies.

Hum. I shall do it, Madam.

Wid. Married, and got with childe in a dream, tis fine ifaith,
sure he that did this, would do better waking.

Enter Valentine, Fran. Lance, and a boy with a torch.

Val. Hold thy torch handsomely, how dost thou Francke?

Peter Bassill, bear up.

Fran. You have fried me soundly, Sack do you call this
drink?

Fal. A shrewd dog, Francke, will bite abundantly.

Lan. Now could I fight, and fight with thee.

Val. With thy chon man of *Almopha*.

Lan. But that thou art mine own naturall master, yet my
sack sayes thou art no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawnest thy
land, which a noble cause.

Val. No arms, not arms, good *Lancelot*, dear *Lance*, no
fighting here, we will have lands, boy, livings, and tides, thou
shalt be a Vice-Roy, being fighting, hang, tis out of fashion.

Lan. I would fain labour you into your lands again, go too,
it is behooverfull.

Fran. Fic *Lance*, sic.

Lan. I must beat some body, and why not my master, before
a stranger, and beating begins a dismai.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lan. I will not be compeld, and you were two masters, I
scorn the motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lan. I scorn sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lan. I scorn meat, I come for romping, I come to wait
upon

Exit without Money.

upon my charge discreetly; for look you, if you will not take your mortgage again, here do I see Saint *George*, and so forth.

Val. An here do I St. *George*, bestrids the Dragon, thus with my Lance.

Lan. I sting, I sting with my tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir, I shall tail you presently.

Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.

Kal. Takethis Nelson, and now rise, thou maiden Knight of Malligo, lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack, and charge again.

Lan. I play no more, you abuse me, will you go?

Fran. He bid you good morrow Brother, for sleep I cannot, I have a thousand fancies.

Val. Now thou art arrived, go bravely to the matter, and do something of worth *Franky*.

Lan. You shall hear from us. *Exit Lanes and Franky.*

Val. This rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me, is the most teethish Knave.

Enter Uncle and Merchant: May with a torch.

Unc. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

Unc. You have made your brother a fine man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a foole before, brought up amongst the midst of small Beer Brew-houses, what would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.

Val. Are you my sentence?

Mer. The sentence of your fate.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, I may not see it.

Unc. A gracious resolution.

Val. What would you have else with me, will you go drink, and let the world slide Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boyes, drink sack like whey boyes.

Mer. Have you no feeling, sir?

Val. Come hither Merchant: make me a supper, thou most reverent

reverent Land-catcher, a supper of sortie pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy wife along, and thy fair sisters, thy neighbours and their wives, and all their drinke, let it have sortie trumpets, and such wine, we'll laugh at all the misteries of morgage, and then in state Ile render thee an answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your state, speak to the point, Sir?

Val. Not, not if it were mine heir in the Turks gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an order,

Val. Take a thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shalt nor have it, because thou camest ith' nick, thou shalt not have it, go take possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled, will ring you such knell, go down in glorie, and march upon thy land, and crie, All's mine; crie as the Devil did, and be the Devil mark what what an eccho follows, build fine March pines, to entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady, and pull the Chappell down, and raise a Chamber for Mistress Silver-pin, to lay her belly in, mark what an Earthquake comes, then foolish Merchant thy Tenants are no Subj-cts, they obey nothing, and they are people too, never Chistened, they know no Law, nor conscience, they'll devour thee: and thou mortall, the stopple, they'll confound thee within three dayes; no bit nor memorie of what thou wert, no not the wart upon thy nose there, shall be are heard of more, go take possession, and bring thy children down, to rust like Rabbits, they love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell Suckers; as they love mischief, and hate Law, they are Canibals: bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful, there be those Mandrakes that will mollifie up, go take possession, Ile go to my Chamber, afore boy go.

Exeunt.

Mer. Hee's mad sure.

Unc. Hee's half drunk sure, and yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomly, but he's so harsh & strange.

Unc. Beleeve it 'tis his drink sir, and I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

Mer.

Mer. Canibals; if eyes I come to view his regiment, if faire termes may be had.
Yves. He calls you true Gog. They are a bunch of the most Boy-
 strout Rascals disorder ever made; let us be mad once, the pow-
 er of the whole Country cannot cool us; we be patient but a
 while.

Mer. As long as you will sit, before I buy a bargain of such
 Runts, He buy a Colledge for Blerdy and live among him.

Enter Francisco, Lance, boy with a Torch.

Fran. How dost thou now.

Lan. Better then I was, and straighter, but my heads a Hog-
 head still, it crows and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lan. I may live to requite it, put a Snaffle of Sack in my
 mouth and then ride me very well.

Fran. 'Twas all but sport, He tell thee what I mean now, I
 mean to see this Wench.

Lan. Where a devil is she, and there were two, 'twere better.

Fran. Dost thou hear the bell ring.

Lan. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to prayers, early each morning thi-
 ther: Now if I could but meet her, for I am of another mettle
 now.

Enter Isabella and Shortish with a Torch.

Isa. What lights yond.

Fran. Ha, tis a light cake, her by the hand and court her.

Isa. Take her below the girdle, you'll never speed else, it
 comes on this way still, oh that I had but such an opportunity in
 a Saw pit, now it comes on, comes on, tis here.

Fran. O tis she, fortune I kiss thy hand — Good morrow
 Lady.

Isa. What voice is that sirra, do you sleep as you go, tis he, I
 am glad only why Shortish.

Short. Yes forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.

Isa. She sees you as plain as I do.

Isa. Hold thy torch up.

Short. Heres nothing but a stall, and a Butchers Dog —
 sleepe

Heep in't, where did you see the voice.

Fran. Shee looks still angry.

Isa. To her and never for.

Isa. Here, here.

Fran. Yes Lady, never blasphem your self I am sure man, and like an honest man, now I will thank you.

Isa. What do you mean, who sent for you, who desired you.

Short. Shall I put out the Torch forsooth.

Isa. Can I not go about my private meditations, Ha, but such companions as you must ruffle me, you had best go with me fir.

Fran. T was my purpose.

Isa. Why, what an impudence is this, you had best being so near the Church, provide a Priest, and postwade me to marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning, and such a husband so loving and so carefull, my youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at Harke you.

Isa. Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly, turn home again fir, you had best now fetch my man to lead your way.

Isa. Yes marry shall a, Lady, forward my friend.

Isa. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a rape.

Fran. Do you like that better, I can ravill you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing. I am a sleep stilly when you have done tell me, and then Ile wake Mistress.

Isa. Are you in earnest Sir, do you long to be hang'd.

Fran. Yes by my troth Lady in these fair Tresses.

Isa. Shall I call out for help.

Fran. No by no means, that were a weak trick Lady, He kifs, and stop your mouth.

Isa. You answer all these.

Fran. A thousand kisses more.

Isa. I was never abused thus, you had best give our too, that you found me willing, and say I doted on you.

Fran. That's known already, and no man living shall now carry you from me.

Exit Widow

Isa. This is fine faith, where did you bid you bid me?

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isa. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way, I will to Church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Isa. And it is most likely there's a Trick, if you dare venture as you profess, I would wish you look about you, to see these rude tricks, for you know the recompences, and trust not to my mercy.

Fran. Good will I do you.

Isa. For I'll be so handle you.

Fran. That is I look for.

Isa. Afore thou dream.

Isa. Have you done this?

Isa. Go on sir, & follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not hang on.

Isa. Till all things own you, in two or three years, god a mercy Sacke, when would small Beer have done this.

Isa. Knocking with a stick.

Isa. Whiles that that knocke the bones, where I dwell, you is hell broke loose, or do you keep an Iron mill.

Isa. Enter a Gentleman.

Ser. This is a Gentlewoman sir that must needs speak with you.

Val. A Gentlewoman, what Gentlewoman have you to do with Gentleman?

Ser. She will not be answered.

Val. Fling up the head and let her in.

Val. He try how gentle she is.

Exit Ser. This Sacke has hid my head to fish of bables,

I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be, I hope

she has brought some business along with her to lay to my

charge, if she have tis all one, He follows her.

Enter Widow.

Wid. O you'r a noble Gallant, send on your servant pray.

Val. She will not wait on me, by this light she looks as sharp

set a Sparrow hawk on her bar.

Wid. O you have used me kindly, and like a Gentleman, this

is to trust to you.

Val.

Val.

Val.

Val.

Val.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in jest once, you were a handsome man; one I could like well, and fooling, made you believe I loved you, and might be brought to marrie.

Val. The widow is drunk and

Wid. Your out of this, which is a fine discretion, give out the matter's done, you have won your wish, and that you have put fairly put for an heir too, these are fine reasons to advance my credit; ich' name of mischief, what did you mean?

Val. That you loved me, and that you might be brought to marrie me; why, what a Devil do you make, widow?

Wid. I was a fine trick too, to tell the world though you had enjoyed your first wish, you wished the which you aimed at, that I was poor, which is most true, I have told my lands, because I love not to be vexed for my fine honours sake, if you must be prating, and for my credit's sake in the town.

Val. Well, then widow, I like thee ten times better, now about this no further, for now thy hopes are cut, I lie on thy husband, if he should marry of more.

Wid. Have not you married me, and for this main cause, now as you report it to be your Nurse.

Val. My Nurse, why, what has I grown too, give me the Glass, my Nurse.

Wid. You were said truer, I must confess I did a little flatter you, and with some labour, might have been persuaded, but when I found I must be hourly troubled, with making broths, and dawbing your decays with washing and with stitching up your sinews, for the world to report.

Val. Do not provoke me.

Wid. And half an eye has I lost.

Val. Do not provoke me, the world is a lying world, and thou that finde it, have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee, and mark what follows, my Nurse, yes, you shall rock me: Widdow Ile keep you waking.

Wid. You are disposed for.

Val. Yes marry am I Widdow, and you shall feel it, nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I think so.

Cal. Come.

Wid. Whither?

Cal. Any whither.

The fit's upon me now, the fit's upon me now,

Come quickly gentle Ladie, the fit's upon me now,

The world shall know they are fools,

And so shall thou be too.

Let the Cocker mangle him his heels,

The fit's upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein, away with me, for if I have but two hours to confide, all the widows in the world cannot recover me.

Cal. If you will, go with me.

Wid. Yes, I will, but I am a virgin yet, and I will marry thee, do not eschew me, yes, and I will lie with thee, and get a whole bundle of babies, and I will kisse thee, stand still and kisse me hand and foot, but do not provoke me, stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous, I drunk like yettars fight, do not allure me: Thou art no widow of this world, thou art a witch, and in spite I'll marry thee, I once word more, and I'll be brought to love thee.

Enter Merchant and Uncle as before.

Mer. Well met agen, and what good news y' have?

Unc. Faith nothing.

Mer. No news of what we loved?

Unc. Nothing I hear of.

Mer. No coming in this side yet?

Unc. 'Tis all flood, and all than fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Fran. Isab. Lance. Shorthose, at a mask.

Mer. Is not this his younger brother?

Unc. With a Gentlewoman the widows sister, as I live he smiles, he has got good hold, why well said *Fran.* Faith, let's flay and mink.

Isa. Well, you are the prettiest youth, and so you have handled me, think you ha me sure.

Fran. As sure as wedlock.

Isa.

Isa. You had best lie with me too.

Fran. Yes indeed will I, and get such black ey'd boyes.

Unc. God a mercie, *Franks.*

Isa. This is a merrie world, poor simple Gentlewomen that think no harm, cannot walk about their businesse; but they must be catcht up-I know not how.

Fran. Ile tell you, and Ile instruct you too, have I caught you, *Mistresse.*

Isa. Well, and it were not for pure pique, I would give you the slip yet, but being as it is,

Fran. It shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph with a torch.

Isa. My sister, as I live, your brother with her, sure I think you are the Kings takers.

Unc. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have.

Wid. I pray speak softly.

Val. Ile speak it out *Widow*, yes and you shall confesse too, I am no Nurse-childe, I went for a man, a good one, if you can beat me out oth' pit.

Wid. I did but jest with you.

Val. Ile handle you in earnest, and so handle you: Nay, when my credit calls.

Wid. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, *Father* mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Franks.*

Fran. Yes faith, as done sir.

Val. Along with me then, never hang an arse, *Widow.*

Isa. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.

Val. Well said *Black-brows*, advance your torches *Gentle-*

Unc. Yes, yes Sir.

Val. And keep your ranks.

Mar. Lanes, carrie this before him.

Unc. Carrie it in haste.

Wit without Money.

Enter Musicians, Fount. Harp. Bell.

Val. What are you Musicians, know your cunning, and what are those behind you.

Mus. Gentlemen that lent us to give the Lady, a good morrow.

Val. O I know them, come boy sing the song I taught you, And sing it lustily, come forward Gentlemen, your welcome, Welcom now we are all friends, go get the Priest ready, And let him not be long, we have much business.

Come *Francke*, rejoyce with me, thou hast got the Hart boy, But ile so tumble after, come my friends lead, Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles ring boyes, My follies and my fancies have an end here, Display the mortgage *Lance*, Merchant ile pay you, And every thing shall be in joynt agen.

Vnc. Afore, afore.

Val. And now confest, and know,

Wit without Money, sometimes gives the blow. *Exeunt.*

Val. I am one that's child, I want a man a good one, you can find him for me.

FINIS.

Plays written by *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*, printed in *Quarto*.

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|---|---|
| 1 <i>Wit without Money.</i> | 10 <i>Rolla Duke of Normandy.</i> |
| 2 <i>Night walker: or, the Limbeck.</i> | 11 <i>Rolla a wife and have a wife.</i> |
| 3 <i>Opportunity.</i> | 12 <i>Philby and Theodores.</i> |
| 4 <i>Ceremonies.</i> | 13 <i>Phylax.</i> |
| 5 <i>Scornfull Lady.</i> | 14 <i>Phylax Tragedy.</i> |
| 6 <i>Elder Brother.</i> | 15 <i>Knight of Burning Peble.</i> |
| 7 <i>Phylaster.</i> | 16 <i>Cupid's Revenge.</i> |
| 8 <i>King and no King.</i> | 17 <i>Wells Kinship.</i> |
| 9 <i>Monsieur Thomas.</i> | |

